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THE CHIMES

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GERTRUDE JONES, '29.

EDITORIALS



YESTERDAY AND TODAY

As we look back over the long road which leads to the enlightenment of today, we wonder just what has happened to bring about such changes as have taken place.

Let us investigate the life of the greatest inventor and the process of development of some of his inventions which have changed this world from darkness into light.

Thomas Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847. He was not a smart lad in school. His favorite study was chemistry, and upon this subject he spent most of his time. He liked to experiment and on one occasion he gave his chum a huge dose of Seidletz powders, expecting that the gases generated would make him light enough to fly. He was severely punished by his parents, and in the future he gave up the idea of using his friends as "articles for experiments."

When he was fifteen years of age, Edison invented a telegraph repeater by means of which he was able to take dispatches which came too fast for him to transcribe. At twenty-one years of age he devised a "stock quotation" printing apparatus.

His inventions up to this time had earned for him about \$40,000. With this money, young Edison started a factory and a laboratory of his own. He studied day and night in his laboratory, for he knew that Success came only with a great deal of work. He did something which probably none of us would do — he went without his dinner, in order that he might put extra time on inventing.

His hard labor was not always rewarded with success. Some of his ideas have been failures just the same as ours. Failure,

however, meant little in Edison's life. It merely meant that he would have to work all the harder on something else.

Mr. Edison says, "One secret of my success is my ability to spend years of slow, patient experiment on some seemingly trivial and uninteresting problem."

It is the ever patient and sacrificing effort of men, such as Edison, which has brought this world out of the darkness of yesterday into the light of today.

GERTRUDE JONES, '29.

A PROFITABLE HOBBY

John, who is in the grammar school and beginning to study history, asked his father to take him to different places of historical interest.

His father got the camera and told him to come along; and off they started. The place they visited that afternoon was very interesting and John snapped a picture of it. He returned home with an intense desire to learn all about it.

John made a practice of visiting all the interesting historical landmarks until finally he grew so much interested in this that he made it a great hobby.

Every week John would manage to visit something new. Sometimes he would go to the home of a great painter or a tomb of some great man. John became so much interested in these places that he studied, that when he was called upon to recite in class, he had a very good recitation.

His hobby was profitable and helped to develop a good education. Can there be anything more thrilling than suddenly discovering that one's hobby is profitable as well as interesting?

HELYN MATTHEWS, '30.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

What this school needs is school spirit, — not the spirit that pays its dues and obligations when asked, but the spirit that pays before the thing is due; not the spirit that gives ridicule and laughter to the person who has the seeming temerity to get up and ask the group to cheer, but a school spirit that says, "Get up. We'll support you. We'll give you hearty cheers instead of cowardly jeers."

There is a school spirit that conquers all obstacles, that enlivens a team, and that keeps a school in good community standing; but this school spirit cannot be made by one or two but must be fostered and developed by the whole student body.

A student does not like to hear his school ridiculed. For example: A boy is walking along the street with another boy from a different school. The stranger may make a slanderous remark about the local school. Instantly it is taken up by the local boy, who bravely defends his school. This boy has school spirit in a slight degree. He will have the true school spirit in a high degree when he is prepared to screech to the multi-

tudes in ringing notes of loyalty this selfsame defense of his school's principles.

Now school is the time to show your school spirit. Pay your dues. Go to the games. Cheer your loudest. Defend your school. And show your loyalty by getting many subscriptions for the CHIMES. You have heard the call. . . . Respond!

HERBERT DWYER, '30.

THE SEA OF LIFE

While sitting on the beach one day this summer, I found myself noting the differences in people, and their different reactions to the sea.

There are young people and old; there are good swimmers and those not so good; there are fearless and fearful, — all splashing about in the same great ocean. Some of the so-called swimmers are making remarkable headway with powerful strokes, but their strength lasts for only a short period of time, and when they gain but a few yards, they become tired and cease to swim. Then I see another group. It is a group of surf-bathers; they are near the shore, splashing about and apparently having a wonderful time. And yet again, there are some who are trying to teach others to swim. Both parties seem to be struggling and swallowing several gallons of very salt water. The waves are quite high and a few of the swimmers appear to be having great difficulty in getting past the section where the waves are breaking and the surf is too great to swim; they seem to be waiting for a lull which never comes. Some are merely standing on the sand, looking at the water and wishing they had the courage to venture in. But worse than these are a few who have just extended their largest toe into the water and have withdrawn it to return and lie upon the beach. Then far out I see a lone swimmer; his easy, sure stroke proclaims him to be a real swimmer. His progress is slow, but sure; he is always pushing onward toward his goal.

Let us consider. Can we not imagine that this is the sea of life? We are all splashing about in the same sea. The people who are such brilliant swimmers are those who start off with surprising celerity, but who, because of their great exertion, soon are tired and have to stop, and so lose out in this great swim. Then, there are the surf bathers. They are content with the mere surface of things. They find enjoyment in playing, whereas, they might find far greater happiness out in the deep, swimming alone. Those who are endeavoring to help others along deserve great credit; theirs is a praiseworthy lot. They will not only make their own lives more successful but will make others' lives better too. Theirs, perhaps, may be a hard lot and bitter, but in teaching others their experience will help them. Now we come to those who are

trying to get started; those who are trying to get past the breakers. They are waiting for a lull; their whole lives are at stake and yet they dare not venture forth. "Nothing ventured, nothing have" is still true. This may also apply to those who are trying to scrape up enough courage to even wade in. They are in a worse predicament than any; they are afraid of life! Then there is another group who, even in mildest terms, would be called quitters and cowards, those who having had but the slightest experience in life have become discouraged and dropped out of the race entirely. Finally, our thoughts turn to that swimmer, far out, breaking the waves, pressing forward. Are we not most interested in him? Does he not typify our ideal? Let us try our best to profit by the experience of others; let us be wise; let us always be ready to lend a helping hand to a struggling brother; let us, each one, endeavor to be strong, steady, successful swimmers on this great sea of life.

NELLIE MITCHELL, '29.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

There is not a time in spring, summer, winter, or autumn when boys of the country are not enjoying themselves to the highest degree.

In the spring when the buds begin to burst and the birds begin to flock in from the South, the country boy has the most exhilarating thrills to start out the year with. The trees and plants, like human beings, are starting a new life. All this calls him and when Saturday comes along, he leaves his studies and shoulders his fishing rod. On his way to the stream or pond he breathes in with zest the pure invigorating air, free from impurities. Perhaps when he passes a corner of a stone wall, he comes suddenly on a family of young skunks; or while passing a bush, is startled with the sudden flight of a mother bird from her nest.

As the spring slowly melts into summer, the water warms, and the flowers bloom. The swimming hole, free from factory oils and diseases, rings with laughter and the splashing of water by the boys. And after the swim, back to the garden pulling up weeds. Oh! What life! All summer long is spent in the great out-of-doors, boating, fishing, swimming, and gardening.

Then follows winter. Though cold and boisterous it brings sliding, skating, and skiing, and the wonderful art of Jack Frost to cheer us. Though all life seems to be dead, we feel something in the air cheering us up with the remembrance of summer.

Can you blame a boy when he says, "Me for the country"?

CHARLES COLMAN, '32.



JEANNINE'S DECISION

Jeannine lay back on her rose, silken pillows and gave a sigh of contentment. How wonderful life was! Just to lie in bed, no cares, no worry. Just dream, drift. . . . She took a sip of coffee and glanced about her room, so bright, airy, luxurious in its rose-colored tints. Oh, how wonderful it was to lie there with nothing to do! She was sure no one could be any happier than she. She was awakened with a start from such blissful thoughts at the entrance of a trim, neat maid with a tray. She placed the tray on the bed with a "Your mail, Miss Jeannine." After an exchange of pleasant words, the maid went out. Jeannine glanced down on the tray covered with envelopes addressed to her. Another happy thrill ran through her. Her mail! How she loved her mail! Her mail was her happiness! One by one she opened the notes — Tuesday night a theatre party, Wednesday afternoon a tea, Wednesday night a dinner dance, Thursday night a night club, and so on. Jeannine opened excitedly one invitation after another, clapping her hands and giving excited squeals at each one that she opened. Think of all the exciting times ahead of her!

Jeannine was one of the most popular debutantes of the season. She had just made her debut a short while ago, and was finding the social life of New York thrilling indeed.

Jeannine, as a small girl, had always lived in a small country town. Her people were like everybody else there, common, and moderately well-to-do. Then her father had found himself suddenly rich, as the result of a business deal, and the family had moved to New York when Jeannine was just seventeen. She was now twenty-two.

Having sorted all her mail, Jeannine, with another contented sigh, lay back still further on her pillows. Again she dropped

into her blissful reverie. She found herself thinking of her school days, of that little girl with the long pigtails, who marched every morning to the little country grammar school! And boarding school! How much fun she had had there! She smiled at the time when she and Louise had . . . Louise! Jeannine jumped. Why, she hadn't thought of Louise for ages! Louise, the closest girl friend she had ever had. To whom she had confided all her girlish secrets! Louise! Why, she hadn't seen or heard a thing of her for two years! When Jeannine had come to New York, they didn't see much of each other afterward, of course. But then, they had kept up their friendship, had visited each other, written. But somehow, after she had entered the social circles, she had just forgotten all about her. Louise! She could never like any one quite so well as she did Louise. What good times they had had together!

Jeannine was suddenly seized with the desire to see her. She must! Oh, to talk over every thing the way they used to. Where was she, what was she doing? The last that she had heard was that Louise was attending some small college. But she had graduated, of course, nearly two years ago. She could write to her home town where her parents without doubt were living.

Jeannine jumped out of bed at the thought and immediately wrote a long letter to her. She could hardly wait for an answer. She waited a week, and finally received one. It was a short note saying that Louise would love to come, but could only stay for a week-end. Jeannine was more excited than she had been for ages. She planned all sorts of things, crammed every minute that Louise would be there full, except the first night when they would want to be alone and talk.

Louise came. After their girlish embraces were over, and the excitement died down, they talked as never two girls talked before.

"O, Jan," burst forth Louise enthusiastically, "I'm having the most wonderful time! I took up social work my last two years at college, as you probably know, and now I am working in a little mission in some Italian slums. And, O Jan, it's the most wonderful work in the world! I love it! If you could only see my darling children, and their little, dirty up-turned faces when they listen to me tell them Bible stories. I adore them! And I do all sorts of things for those poor foreigners, Jan. I teach the mothers how to live in a cleaner, more sanitary way, and help the husbands get jobs. O, I can do countless things! I could talk forever about my children!" Louise talked on and on about her work. Finally she stopped long enough to get her breath, and then said, "And what have you been doing, Jan? I suppose you've been having a perfectly marvelous time."

Jeannine, who had thought of how nice it would be to tell Louise all about the wonderful times she had been having, was surprised to find herself not the least bit enthusiastic. Somehow she just couldn't be. How pale, insignificant and uninteresting seemed the things that she had been doing beside those of Louise. However, she answered as enthusiastically as she could, "Oh yes, of course! The social life this season is certainly wonderful! Invitations coming in every minute. I love it! Of course you know I made my debut this spring. I had the most marvelous time . . ." and so on. They talked on and on until they could talk no longer.

After Louise had gone home, after spending a most delightful week-end, Jeannine went up to her room. She wanted to be alone. Why did she feel so tired all of a sudden? That happy feeling of exhilaration seemed to have completely left her. She seemed restless, dissatisfied. But why? She had everything that she wanted. Jeannine knew why, but she was afraid to admit it to herself. She knew that she didn't have everything she wanted. Louise's happy flashing eyes as she told about her work, haunted her. Those words kept running through her mind, "I'm having the most wonderful time!" and "It's the most wonderful work in the world! I love it!" Jeannine could see Louise now as she spoke them, so happy, radiant. She glanced down at the morning mail. All those invitations which had thrilled her a few days ago, seemed to mean nothing to her now. She wasn't even interested in opening them.

All the week Jeannine seemed listless, unhappy. All the time she could seem to hear Louise's words and see her happy face. Jeannine thought it all out. She knew now what she wanted. It was work. Work, like that Louise was doing, which would help some one. After all, she wasn't doing any good playing around in society. Society was empty, fruitless. She knew now that it could never thrill her again as it used to. While Louise was helping poor needy people, she was at some dance or tea, having a good time. She wanted to work! She must! Jeannine thought over what kind of work she would like to do. Should she do what Louise was doing? No, that would be impossible, because she wasn't talented along those lines. Then what? Nursing? A thrill went through Jeannine. Nursing! Why, that was just what she should do! She had always been interested in it. Without even thinking it over, she decided. She would be a nurse!

Jeannine's mother, who had noticed how listless and unhappy her daughter had seemed during the last week, noticed how happy and radiant she was at the supper table that evening, and said, "You seem happy tonight, Jeannine."

"I am," answered Jeannine with a mysterious smile.

CAROLYN POLAND, '29.

A DOG'S LIFE

In our most varied household, the family dog certainly has his trials. Mother and Dad hold opposite sides on the dog's privileges; and I, being a girl, am Dad's partner in the battle.

Mother insists that Rover shall not lie on the couch; Dad asserts that the dog is a good dog, and has every right in the world to lie on aforementioned couch whether dog hairs are sprinkled profusely over that article or not. When I insist that the dog be my bedfellow, then a terrific and unceasing combat ensues; and dog hairs, bedclothes, cleanliness, the rights of this much-discussed canine, and all other things related to beds, dogs, et cetera become hopelessly confused. Finally this tangle becomes straightened out when, and only when, I retire in utter disgust. Oh yes, and another problem which the keenest mind would find intensely difficult to solve. How can a dog keep his feet dry? Were there every any dogs' rubbers or overshoes or even rubber boots invented? If so, I should like to purchase a pair to preserve peace in the family! That dog has the most unusual and extraordinary faculty of seeking and finding the muddiest mudholes and the wettest water in the whole universe. "Footprints on the sands of time" are nothing in comparison with "footprints on the floors of oak"—at least, mother wails and moans whenever such a mark appears on the living room floor. Poor old Rover, his life is surely hard! Bickerings, quarrels, and debates are held over his body every hour, yes, nearly every minute of the day. In the future I expect to arrive home from school sometime and find his body mangled and scarred; part of his limbs in one place, and the remainder scattered hither, thither, and yon over the whole city of Scituate. In Rover's case it's "He doesn't like a family; but that's his weakness now!"

E. M. M.

THE GOLFER

"There it goes, in the rough again. Why do I play the game, I would like to know? All I do is lose balls in woods and rough, and spend money for new ones. This money-wasting game! Show me the person who invented it for just about a minute. I went around in eighty-four Monday and today it's a hundred. This is the last game of golf I will play. This set of clubs goes into the fire when I get home, I'll bet."

The golfer goes back to his office before going home and reads his mail. In it are four invitations to a tournament and he is all excited.

"Operator give me 840 quick! hurry! I hope I will be in time to get a chance to play in that tournament. I don't want to miss it."

"Boy, take this telegram and rush it to the telegraph office; sent it rush."

That's the way of the golfers. CLIFFORD BLANCHARD, '31.

THUNDER CAVE

While traveling in Italy, I stayed a while in a small village not far from the foot of the Alps.

One afternoon my guide called to my attention a dark spot over half way up one of the smaller mountains.

"That," said he, "is called Thunder Cave."

"Why is it called that? Has it ever been explored?" I asked.

"No, it never has. It is believed to go into the very heart of the mountain," he replied. "However we may go up and look at it and on the way I will tell you why it is called Thunder Cave."

Then while we walked up the mountain trail which wound its way so peacefully along, the old guide told me this story:

"About forty years ago a young count gave a magnificent party to all his young friends of the village.

"I," said the guide, "was one of the invited.

"About fifty-three young men and maidens came to the party, which lasted for three days. It was a splendid affair. Every conceivable kind of game, sport and entertainment was provided.

"For the third night the count had planned to have all go at night and explore the cave on the mountain. This plan at first met with many objections by the parents, but at last they were convinced that no harm would come to so many at once. So we started at midnight from the villa. It was a beautiful night following a very hot day.

"We had not gone far when a slight breeze sprang up, and dark clouds began to gather. These signs passed unnoticed by the laughing, jovial crowd which made its way up toward the cave. With us was a guide who came very much against his will. He had been told to go with us into the cave. But when we arrived, the young count suggested that we leave the guide outside and have the fun of exploring the cave ourselves. It was decided to toss to see who would remain with the guide. It fell to me to stay with him.

"Then they passed into the darkness of the cave, their torches casting weird shadows on the musty walls as they moved along. Gradually their voices died away until only an occasional echo resounded to our ears.

"By this time, it had begun to rain so we moved inside the mouth of the cave. The guide prepared a fire and we sat down on either side of it. The minutes dragged slowly by, and our conversation soon ceased. Now came a flash of lightning followed by a low rumble of thunder. Each following crash was louder and each succeeding flash brighter.

"Suddenly we jumped to our feet; the whole mountain shook violently and from the very center of the darkness which followed the flash of lightning, came the echo of a weird scream. The guide's face turned white while we stood

motionless in a dazed manner. Then he glanced about and his eyes fell on the bundle of torches. He seized one, and while he dipped it into the flame of the fire, his hand trembled. He tied a piece of strong light cord about a tree which grew near the mouth of the cave and looped the other end about his wrist.

"By this time I had regained my senses. I took a small bundle of the tapers and after lighting one I followed the guide into the darkness of the cave. He said we would go only the length of the rope. I asked in a shaken voice if he thought our comrades were safe. He said that they might be, but his voice did not convince me. The light of our tapers frightened the huge vampire bats which were hanging in multitudes from the cracks and crevices. From then on we walked in silence. Our footsteps echoed and died away. We heard nothing but a few low rumbles of the storm outside. We found no trace of those who had gone before us.

"When we reached the end of the rope, we retraced our steps. After extinguishing the fire, we returned to the villa with heavy hearts.

"Many of the parents of the youths had come to the villa to await the return of the party. They feared something might have befallen the young adventurers in the storm. Some of the mothers fainted, and the fathers' faces grew white at our awful news.

"As soon as the first ray of light arrived the next morning, a large crowd of the villagers made its way to the cave. The same guide and I, and the father of the count were to go again into the cave.

"We spoke not a word but labored on over the slimy rocks, through the stagnant pools, now stumbling over some obstacle in our path and falling against the damp moss-covered walls. On every side I imagined horrible demons to be looking and every shadow seemed alive. I longed to return to the cool fresh air. After a long time our path was suddenly blocked. A large piece of the wall had been dislodged by the storm and had fallen directly in our path. We stood stock still; the father's hand was raised and pointed as if he were a statue.

"We realized only too well the fate of those for whom we searched. Without moving, hardly daring to think, we stood there being slowly overcome by the tainted air. Then the guide commanded us to follow him, and he searched in vain for a passage by the rock. After a while we returned to the waiting crowd. When we told them what had happened, an awful silence fell over them."

My guide's voice trembled as he said, "I shall never forget for one moment the effect of that news. Many attempts were made, but in vain. For many years no one has tried to explore it."

By this time we had reached the cave and it seemed that I

could see those fifty-three happy youths winding their way into the darkness of the cave.

About two years after my visit to the cave I found myself in a small out-of-the-way station in Texas. I had about two hours to wait before my train came and I had nothing to do. Finally in desperation I removed from a crack under the door an old newspaper, which had been placed there to keep the air out. In an obscure corner I noticed a paragraph which said that Thunder Cave had been at last explored by means of an opening made by a thunder storm.

In it were found many skeletons which were believed to belong to the party of youths which were lost in this cave over forty years ago. It was thought that they might have been killed by fragments of rock dislodged by thunder or devoured by the huge vampire bats. It added that the entrance was to be sealed up to prevent similar tragedies from happening.

CATHERINE HEALY, '30.

AVIATION

The May morning of a year in the twentieth century dawned clear and bright. The sun rose in all its glory from the crest of the Atlantic and bathed the shore for miles with its rosy glow. Not so far away sat a figure on the top of a hill watching the sunrise. What was that person doing at that time and in that place? Reaching for the most unattainable thing in the world; that is, trying to understand herself. Many were the times when that person had tried to understand herself but without success. Suddenly her heart skipped a beat and she sprang to her feet. Nothing was in sight, but instinctively she turned her eyes to the western horizon. Soon the sound of a motor was heard and a tiny speck appeared. She followed the flight of the huge silver-winged biplane with her eyes until it once again was hidden in the morning mist. Another may glance upward and shiver, saying to himself, "Those things will never be satisfactory." How could he say a thing like that! Aviation is romance, chance; the progress of the ages depends on aviation. Already it has been used as a device for the quick transportation of mail. To be sure it has not been perfected; nothing can be made perfect over night. But it is certain that someday flying will be as common as riding in automobiles. It must be; an invention like flying was not discovered to be forgotten. Perhaps the desire to fly has been expressed by some of the younger generation. It is doubtful if it has been met with willing consent. Maybe the answer received was similar to this: "What! Are you foolish! You'd be killed. Airplanes are *not* safe. Don't you dare go up in one of those things!" Disappointed and downcast he turns away with the meek answer, "But I want to fly."

What is the romance in flying? Serious arguments may be

encountered here, as few people have the same ideas on a subject like this. There is romance in anything a person likes, — romance in the sense of a greater enjoyment than can be expressed. Romance of aviation is the desire to study aeronautics, to enjoy watching the graceful silver birds, and to fly.

Man has always wanted to fly. Do you remember in mythology the story of Daedalus and Icarus? That story expresses most vividly some of the recent attempts. Icarus failed by being too adventurous. However, that attempt was not in vain, nor has any attempt been made in vain; something has been learned from all,—“To him who attempted and to him who conquered.” Both are equally important. Experience is the greatest teacher and aviation will be a success! A great success!

HOW ABOUT A FOOTBALL GAME?

Football! How tempting that word sounds to the ears of a football fan. As soon as the football season opens, all other work and forms of amusements are suspended. What does the football fan care for a day's joy ride through the country, when he can hop into his car and go to the football field and feast his eyes on that game we call “football”? What does he care for rain, snow, sleet, or hail, or for the blustering wind? None of these can keep him home. Even the youngest generation is there, pouring forth as loudly as the older people. Probably most of them do not know which side are the opponents, but still they must make some noise.

First we see the opposing teams bending over. One of the fellows from one side is giving the signals. He gives the number. They start to run, but they clash. Nothing is gained. One fellow kicks the ball; another fellow on the opposing team gets it. He fumbles. A cheer arises from the crowd who are against his team. Then they start again. This time one of the men on the opposite team gets the ball. He runs. The “goal post” is a few yards away. He runs faster, his antagonists at his heels, trying to “tackle” him. He is just a little way ahead of them. His eyes are hard upon the goal and his hands hard upon the ball. The crowd is cheering and screaming. This is the exciting moment! Ah! he stumbles and slides past the goal post. A touchdown! A touchdown! The crowd is about exhausted from screaming, but the game is won! Victory for one side. Defeat for the other. Then the cheering squad gets together, and with their yells and cheers plus the fans' shouting, the game is at an end.

The teams walk from the field, happiness on the faces of half the crowd, and the noise subsides.

If you once go to a football game and see how interesting and thrilling the game really is, you will forget about everything, excepting to cheer and shout for the team you wish would win. And eventually you too will become one of those creatures, called a “football fan.” PRISCILLA DUNBAR, '31.

THE CHIMES

A WINTER'S NIGHT

The shadows dance on the water;
 A pathway of light can be seen,
 A jagged edge of brightness,
 And a bright and shining gleam.

Soon after the clouds have drifted,
 And all that's left in the sky
 Are the crystals of God's Kingdom
 Yet sparkling — up so high.

HESTER FISH, '29.

THE STARS

How they twinkle in the sky,
 These tiny stars away up high;
 They twinkle and blink, and blink again,
 Like flashing lights in a dark, dark den.

We see them scattered in the heavens,
 In groups of sixes and of sevens;
 A lone star here, and a group of them there, —
 All are flashing and doing their share.

RUTH DWYER, '29.

SEPTEMBER DUSK

The music of the waterfall
 Sounds through the woodland's tree-arch'd hall.
 A mist of asters on the hill, —
 The tree toads and the crickets shrill,
 The night birds join in harmony
 The sylvan, vesper symphony.
 The western sun sends shadows rich
 To every glen and vine-grown niche.
 The dying light enflames the world
 With her last banners all unfurl'd,
 Then falls behind the flame tipp'd line
 Of evergreen and spruce and pine.
 The darkness steals so softly in
 With the crescent all silv'ry thin.
 The pale stars turn to red and gold,
 And deep night reigns o'er wood and wold.

BARBARA COLMAN, '29.

“CHIMES”

C for the courage the whole school has shown,
 H for the help which all have known.
 I for the interest shown by the crowd
 M for the management of which we are proud
 E for the enthusiasm which never shall die
 S for the school on which we rely.

LOUISE NICHOLS, '30.

PATSY'S REWARD

It was visiting day at the Children's Home, and the girls in their clean, blue dresses and starched aprons were sitting primly in the reception hall. A little breeze of excitement swept over the room when the visitors, mostly women coming for publicity, came in. Mrs. Clark, the matron, began to smilingly introduce the girls.

At the very end of the line was Patsy Field. Patsy had come to the home a year before; but being shy of the other girls, and not being particularly pretty, she was not liked by the other girls.

"And this is Patsy Field," Mrs. Clark said as she introduced her to a lady in silks.

"Oh, yes, rather cute, but where is the little one with the yellow curls?" and the rich lady passed on.

Patsy knew she wouldn't be taken, for there were many pretty girls in the home. But deep in her heart was a tiny ray of hope that perhaps some one would want her. As the day passed, Patsy's hopes grew fainter, and her face became sad.

"Well, dearie, why are you looking so sad?" a kind voice asked, and a lady with a motherly face looked into Patsy's troubled one.

"Nothing, mam, only I - I," her voice became choked and she stopped.

"Didn't anyone want you?" the kind voice continued. "Well, never mind, some day you will be taken. I've already chosen Sara Lench, only for that I would take you." Patsy gasped, for Sara was very lazy and had a tendency to lie. She started to tell her friend.

"Sara is awfully —" but she checked herself; it wasn't fair to tell on Sara. So she just smiled and said, "I'm glad Sara has a chance to go."

Two weeks later Patsy was making the beds when a girl came in.

"Oh, Patsy, a lady wants to see you in the parlor; I'll finish the beds."

"Thanks," Patsy said and ran down the stairs, glad that some one wanted her.

To her surprise her visitor was the lady who had taken Sara.

"Your chance has come; hasn't it, dearie? I've come to get you, for Sara has not proved satisfactory. I knew you would get a reward when you wouldn't speak against Sara," the lady said. "How would you like to live with me in the country?"

That night a happy Patsy went to bed in the country and as the moon cast its golden light on her, she sighed peacefully and went to sleep.

HAPPINESS

"The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do." This is a saying of Barries'. There are hundreds of short sentences like it holding the solutions of as many men for the secret of happiness. They are many of them different, yet fundamentally the same. Perhaps every individual has his own problem of finding happiness, must work it out, and solve it to his satisfaction. It takes often a life time to solve that problem to one's satisfaction, for we often ask so much for happiness when it might take so little to satisfy us, if we could but give things their value in proportion.

Great men and famous have given to the world, through mottoes and quotations, their synonyms for happiness. Some, a very few, are Service, Contentment, Friendship, Faith, Understanding, Work, Charity, and Love. If you distilled and refined all these definitions together, you might find the most perfect synonym for Happiness. But these are the ideas of great thinkers, writers, and philosophers. What are the ideas of us common, everyday, easy-going people? We rarely stop to seriously figure out whys and wherefores of our desires until we are shocked into it by some outstanding event that knocks down our conventionalized, taken-for-granted, smug little conceptions. Most of us merely know that we want something, happiness, but instead of one definite goal, it is disguised under countless minor objects and more immediate, petty joys.

It seems to me to depend directly on the character, possibly the environment, the means, and hopes of the person, where and how he will find his own special road to happiness.

Those who find happiness in Service are sometimes people who have been so hurt and driven from their selfish (unconsciously so in some cases) standards that they have turned to Service as a last resort and there found peace in entirely losing themselves. Formerly they may have refused to listen to inner summons for duty so that the long, hard way of experience could be their only lesson. A few fortunate people are born with the innate love of Service in their characters and have not such a devious path to follow. Could it be that in some former existence they reached that state and they are now getting their bearings by aiding others while preparing for the next jump? There are so many, many kinds of Service and it is so intermingled with Love and Faith and Work that it is impossible to dissect it and explain it like a dead mouse in a laboratory.

Happiness in Contentment is hard for me to understand. It is desperately hard for some people to find happiness "by liking what they have to do." I think it is right for people to try to better their conditions not only for their own sake, but for that of the new generation. If we did not wish for better things, there would be no progress. I have never seen, nor can I conceive of, anyone who is so perfect and conceited

as to be absolutely content with himself and yet be mortal. The only real Contentment I can think of is that state of being content with opportunities given for amelioration, and of realizing the fairness and full possibilities of such. Cheerfulness must be closely combined with Contentment.

Happiness may be found in fine friendships and in Love. Friendship and Understanding of other people and character, and of the philosophies of life are beautiful things. It is wonderful to be able to earnestly talk over one's dearest beliefs with an understanding friend who is strong enough to caution and advise truthfully as well as to praise. I will say little about happiness in Love because I am rather doubtful about it and believe there can be none except in a Love great enough to lose and sacrifice self to another's happiness.

Happiness in Work is quite common. A person's work may be so thrilling and congenial as to absorb his interest, but it could hardly be perfect without companionship. Service is also interwoven with Charity in Work. The power to originate, to create, and express emotions and ideas in words, with palette and brush, in marble, in the architecture of souls and homes, in mechanics and nature are divine gifts which should be turned to Service in gratitude for their possession.

The greatest road to happiness is Faith, the Faith that prompts a man to lose himself, his soul, to find his soul, or God; for a man's soul is the tiny spark of God's reflection found in every human being, no matter how depraved.

BARBARA COLMAN, '29.

JUST A SEA STORY

If you wish, I'll tell you a story,
The way it was told to me —
About a sailor and his dory
And how they put to sea.

The sailor was a good one;
The dory, a staunch boat,
But when she filled with water
She couldn't stay afloat.

He bailed and scooped and bailed her
Till at last he said with a pout,
“The water comes in much faster
Than I'll ever throw it out.”

And then he thought, “I'll bore her.”
He started with a shout,
For then said he, “The water will
Go right on flowing out.”

As for the sailor and his dory
I've never heard them tell.
But by their silence, I should judge,
Their plan did not work well.

JOHN MCJENNITT, P. G.

THE INVADER

A number of years before the cross-word puzzle fad was adopted by the American people, there came into the limelight a new and most fascinating diversion. Although this new out-door sport had been practised in an earlier period, it had never attracted much attention. This game probably originated in some of the European countries.

Now for the name of this wondrous game — the simple word "Golf." The requisites of this game are one or more players, who are each accompanied by a small youngster carrying a long, spherical leather or canvas bag in which there are several shafts of wood mounted on one end with flat pieces of iron, projecting out from one side; a number of small white balls; and a fistful of sand. The sand, having been placed on the ground, the ball is then in turn placed on the mound of sand. The object of the game is to drive the ball as far as possible. A club is selected by the player, who makes a half attempt to hit the little ball. His goal is a distant upright flag placed in a hole which is surrounded by a lawn-like terrace. Upon hitting the ball, the player sets forth to retrieve it. When he finds it, he again makes a brave attempt to drive it nearer the hole.

So this game goes on for nine or eighteen holes, at the end of which time the player counts up the number of strokes it took to get the tiny ball into the holes. So much for the description of the game.

On a sunny afternoon in early summer one may see at a golf club crowds of men and women playing this famous game,—young men, old men, grandmothers and grandfathers, daughters and sons, all enthusiastic over a few sticks and a handful of golf balls. All the men, whether young or old, wear short pants and shirts with sleeves rolled up, as a costume. It is not a strange sight to see an old man of sixty or seventy years of age wearing this costume of the younger set.

Golf is the cause of men's becoming raving maniacs, and of married women's becoming widows. One hears a golfer telling of what a fine score he got that morning. The next day after a round or two, he becomes so discouraged that he throws his clubs in the pond. It is an aggravating game and one who plays it must have plenty of patience.

Nevertheless, this game of "Golf" has ruled supreme among the richer class of people and will probably continue in popularity.

GEORGE LOWELL, '31.

THE STORM

The winds blew,
The trees creaked,
And through the sky
The lightning streaked.

Then in the west
 A patch of blue, —
 And soon the sun
 Shone plainly through.

MILDRED YOUNG, '30.

MY SHIP

My ship is coming home to me
 With treasures from across the sea,
 With gold and silver, diamonds, pearls,
 For little boys and little girls,
 Poor, neglected, orphans from foreign lands.
 When my ship is anchored, these will be my plans:
 With the gold I will build for the children dear
 New homes to keep them from evil fear;
 I will hire servants and with silver pay
 To see that they have care both night and day.
 The jewels will be for food, clothes, and toys
 So as to keep them full of joys.
 All this and more I'll do without fee
 When my laden ship comes home from sea.

BERNADETTE LAVOINE, '32.

A FIGURE-FOOLER

9				11
13				
15				17

Above is given a rectangle divided into 25 boxes. You are allowed the numbers 1 to 25 to put in these spaces. The same number can not be used twice. The idea is to arrange those numbers in the boxes so as to have their sum in one row equal to 65. If the puzzle is finished correctly you will be able to add 65 in 12 different columns, — five vertical, five horizontal and two diagonal. The figures already given are there to help you start it. See how clever you are.

Solution will be given in next issue of the CHIMES.

HERBERT DWYER, '30.

THE GOLDEN DOME

Of all the awe-inspiring memories of childhood days, that of the Golden Dome is the only one that can still send a thrill through my body and warm shivers up and down the length of my spine.

From the day that I was "knee high to a grasshopper," hardly large enough to tug open one of the drawers under the pantry shelves and planting both tiny feet squarely in the middle of the spandy clean table linen, secure a firm grip on the object of my labors, the Golden Dome has been my inspiration.

Many are the reverent glances that the fourth shelf in Gram's pantry has received, for there reposes the Golden Dome. It sits there black and solemn and uninteresting, — uninteresting until my roving eye glimpses its beaming face which grins tauntingly.

After I stare at it a while with round wondering eyes, the uncanny twinkling and beaconing of its bright face get under my skin. Then begins the construction of the stairs which will enable me to reach the desired goal. Many breathless seconds elapse as the drawers are pulled out one by one, and after many puffings and bumpings of the head the fourth shelf is reached.

Reverently and with trembling fingers, the grinning demigod is lifted from its place and opened.

Captain Kidd's treasure was indeed mediocre when compared with the wealth that issues forth from the yawning gap which is the laughing mouth of the Golden Dome!

Great, fat, round, sugary doughnuts with — Oh! such a tantalizing odor; plump golden-brown cream cakes which fairly ooze sweet, yellow cream when you bite into them; thin crispy crunchy sugar cookies that crackle merrily as they are pushed helter skelter into a pink mouth; and slim dainty lady fingers freshly powdered like soft, white fleecy clouds!

Oh! the Golden Dome of Heaven itself could cover no greater treasures than does the gleaming Golden Dome of the fourth shelf.

ESTHER PERRY, '32.

THE SEA IN SEASON

A summer sea is calm and smooth,
With baby waves that scarcely move;
While roughened with the North Wind bold
Stands winter sea — gray, sullen, cold.

The summer sea, with its caress
Rolls in upon the shore at rest;
The sea in winter, with its fangs,
Lashes and snarls at the stony sands.
But whether 'tis rough and raging wild
Or whether 'tis calm and peaceful and mild,
'Tis beauty, in an artist's sight,
And to paint it, is his heart's delight.

JUDITH PARTRIDGE, '29.

THE RACE OF LIFE

The race of life is going on around us every day;
The little tasks that we perform take us farther on our way.
Each day should find us nearer to the goal at the end of the
race,
And our shining deeds should show themselves on each and
every face.

If we set out at the start of the race with a worried look or
frown,

It's ten to one we'll find ourselves going quickly down —
Down the line to the very end where the doleful always land,
And there in order to get out we'll need a helping hand.

If we set out at the start of the race with a smile and a merry
laugh,

We'll go along our even way, never minding others' chaff.

And if we do our very best and try to help someone,

We'll find at the very start of the race the battle's nearly won.

MARGARET SHORT, '29.

THE NEW MOTHER

Willie was running away, — where to, he didn't know, and didn't care. For wasn't his father bringing him home a new mother? His mother had died but a year before, and although Willie was young, he still remembered her. Willie didn't want a new mother. He wanted his father all to himself. So he kept on running. He was coming to a small section of woods which Willie knew by heart in the daytime. At night he was afraid there, but he kept on going right into the forest. He knew that the station was at the end of the forest.

When he came to an opening, he was all scratched where the briars had caught him. Not looking where he was going, he ran right into a pretty woman carrying two suitcases. She dropped them with a cry, because the force of Willie's bumping into her had almost knocked her down. She then picked Willie up in her arms. "Why, you poor little thing," she exclaimed. "Where on earth are you going at this time of night?"

Willie liked her on the instant, so he told her about the new mother his Daddy was bringing home. He wondered why there was a smile on her lips.

"Will you walk home with me?" he asked.

"I surely will," she replied.

When they arrived at Willie's house, he learned that his father was very much upset. He soon came out of the house and on seeing the lady, he ran down the steps and put his arms around her.

"Willie, where have you been?" he asked of Willie who had been standing wide-eyed near by.

Willie turned white. His father would whip him if he knew what he had done. But the pretty woman came to his rescue.

"Willie walked down to meet me," she exclaimed.

"Did you know this is your new mother, Willie?" said the father.

"Of course he did," she said. "Haven't you been talking to him about me."

"Yes, but I didn't think he cared about a new mother," said the bewildered father.

"Well, never mind," she said. "You like me now; don't you, Willie?"

"You bet I do," was the answer.

HELEN VIALL, '32.

DARKNESS

As the sun goes down in the burning sky,
And peace and quietness steal over the country side,
Amid the pine trees' sighing
The moon comes up from out of the sea
And clears away the darkness.

What fear have I of darkness
As I sit by the fireside?
I look out of the window and see the moon and its clearness
Where it shines on meadow and brook
And clears away the darkness.

MADELEINE MURPHY, '29.

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Senior Class Play, "Oh Kay!" has been selected earlier than usual this year by a committee elected from the class. The cast of characters has been chosen and the rehearsals are now under way.

Characters

Edith Whitman	Adelaide Turner
Evelyn Whitman	Carolyn Poland
Arthur Whitman	Evan Bailey
Captain George Whitman	Victor Stenbeck
"Gram." Pembroke	Margaret Short
Alice Borden	Ethel Tierney
The "Black Terror"	James O'Connor
Jim Hayes	Paul Spencer
"Gramp." Pembroke	Frank Cole
Kay Millis	Barbara Colman
Fred Alden	Peter Meschini

The Athletic Association also is planning to give an entertainment. The following committee has been elected to decide upon a play: Gerald Delay, Paul Spencer, Frank Cole, Earl Nichols, Virginia Russell.

BARBARA COLMAN,
Dramatic Editor.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September 13—An athletic meeting was held in the assembly hall, during which the following officers were chosen for the Athletic Association: President, John Stewart; Vice-president, Edward Ashton; Secretary, Mary Cronin; Treasurer, Miss Dudley.

September 17—The following officers were elected in the Senior Class for the year: President, Audrey Bartington; Vice-president, James O'Connor; Secretary, Gertrude Jones; Treasurer, John Stewart.

September 18—The Junior Class held its first class meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Samuel Tilden; Vice-president, Josephine Welch; Secretary, Marjorie Litchfield; Treasurer, Mary Westington. Miss Elliott was elected class adviser.

September 20—The Freshmen elected the following officers: President, Charles Colman; Vice-president, Donald Parsons; Secretary, Virginia Cole; Treasurer, Robert Breen.

September 25—The Senior Class held a meeting in the assembly hall for the election of an Activity Committee. John Stewart was elected Chairman. The following officers were elected to serve for the month of October: Adelaide Turner, Phyllis Hyland, James O'Connor, and Evan Bailey.

September 26—A very interesting lecture was given to the pupils by Rev. Leo Patterson on the subject of Astronomy.

September 27—A meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the assembly hall.

October 1—Several ring companies sent representatives to the Senior Class in order that the members might select a class ring.

October 3—The second meeting of the Junior Class was held. Josephine Welch was elected Class Editor.

October 4—A candy sale was held by the Senior Class in the library. This sale added six dollars to the class treasury.

October 9—A meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the assembly hall. Frederic Gosewich and Phyllis Hyland were elected as cheerleaders.

October 9—The Scituate High School football team played St. Thomas' school of Jamaica Plain, the score being 13-0 in favor of the opposing team.

October 15—The officers of the United States History Club are as follows: Virginia Russell, President; Paul Spencer, Vice-president; Margaret Short, Secretary, and Judith Partridge, Treasurer.

October 19—The Rockland High School football team defeated the Scituate High team at Rockland by a score of 38-0.

October 19—Mr. Floyd B. Risly of Burdett College, who is lecturing to Vocational Guidance Classes, gave a lecture today. His subject was "Choosing a Career."

October 24—The Senior Class gave a very successful party.

October 26—The Scituate High School football team played the Randolph High team, defeating them by a score of 6-0.

November 2—The Senior Class held a meeting for the election of an Activity Committee for November. Margaret Short was elected chairman. Ruth Dwyer, Jane Prouty, Ethyl Tierney, and Madeleine Murphy served on the committee.

November 2—The Freshmen greatly enjoyed the Hallowe'en Party given to them by the Sophomores. Everyone had a pleasant evening.

FRENCH DEPARTMENT

LES SUIVANTES SONT LES MEMBRES DE LA CLASSE DE FRANÇAIS: DEVINEZ QUI EST QUI;

Il a un grand sens d'humour, une grande imagination, et il pense toujours, comme il dit, que la fin de la leçon est trop difficile pour lui: Peut-être ceci est la raison pourquoi il ne finit jamais sa leçon, ou peut-être non! Qui sait?

Cette jeune fille de qui j'écris maintenant rit toujours et est toujours parlant dans la classe. On l'envoyé de la classe beaucoup de fois. Pourquoi? Devinez!

La porchaine — ; on la considéra être la femme d'affaires de notre classe. Elle est très petite; et il la faut être plus soigneuse de ses poignes dans le futur.

Maintenant nous vous montrons notre babillard. Elle parle toujours mais elle a beaucoup d'intelligence cachée sans cette jolie noire tête de la sienne. Qui est-elle?

Voici la farve de notre classe. Ainsi elle est toujours remuante, elle a beaucoup d'intelligence. Savez-vous qui est-elle?

Prochaine vient la musicienne. On peut la entendre toujours faisant un bruit de quelque sorte. Elle est la plus sage dans la classe. Devinez-la!

Dernièrement nous avons l'ange. Elle est la plus studieuse de la classe et aussi la plus silencieuse. Faut-il dire plus? Non! Qui est-elle?

Maintenant si vous voulez identifier ces personnes, venez et visitez notre classe de français quelque jour et ils souhaiteront la bienvenu à vous.

RUTH DWYER, '29.
ETHYL TIERNEY, '29.

“CONTENTMENT PASSE RICHESSE”

“Contentment passe richesse” est un vieux proverbe.

Il est meilleur être pauvre et heureux que c'est être très riche et n'avoir pas contentement.

Il y avait une petite fille que nous appelerons Marie. Son père était un millionnaire. Marie avait toutes les choses qu'elle désirait mais encore elle était malheureuse.

Son père remarqué un jour qu'elle avait un triste air dans son oeil.

Elle avait une maîtresse à sa maison ainsi elle n'est pas allée à l'école.

Le père de Marie par une erreur a perdu une grande partie de son argent. Ils se sont obligés de quitter leur maison dans la ville pour demeurer dans une plus petite maison dans la compagnie.

Marie va à l'école comme les autres enfants.

Son père remarque un jour qu'elle avait un triste air dans sa figure maintenant.

Cette petite histoire montre que "Contentment passe richesse."

MILDRED YOUNG, '30.

LE NOEL D'UN PAUVRE GARCON

Jean était un garçon pauvre qui avait rarement un bon temps. Ses parents tous les deux étaient très pauvres bien qu'ils travaillent beaucoup. Jean et ses frères et ses soeurs allaient à l'école tous les jours. Ils n'avaient pas autant que les autres enfants.

La fête de Noel viendra bientot. Jean fait des economies quelques d'argent comme il pouvait. Un jour pendant qu'il regardait dans l'étalage de magasin, un homme demande quoi il y avait dans la fenêtre qu'il désirait. Le petit garçon repliquait qu'il désire acheter beaucoup quelques subsistances pour un cadeau de Noel. L'homme dit qu'il lui donnerait un position tous les jours suivant l'école pour peu de minutes et il lui donnera peu d'argent pour la fête de Noel. Jean était très heureux quand il allait chez lui.

Après cela Jean arrivait toujours chez lui environs quinze minutes tarde.

Ensuite le jour avant le Noel l'homme a donné à Jean dix francs. Jean lui regardait avec l'étonnement. Il n'avait jamais vu beaucoup d'argent dans sa vie. Il a acheté un bon dîner pour sa famillie et il depart chez lui. Quand il est arrivé, sa mère était si étonnement et heureuse qu'elle a pleuré par joie.

Le petit pâvre garcon était maintenant riche et que sa lecon de l'école dimanche était venue vraie et il est en réalité "C'est plus bienheureux de donner que de recevoir."

MERLE WILDER, '30.

PREMIERE ANNEE

D. A.—C'est en forgeant qui on deivent forgeron.

E. A.—Qui aime bien, chatre bien.

F. A.—Troup parler nuit.

E. B.—Chacune.

M. B.—Il faut hurler avec les loups.

S. C.—Mieux vant tard que jamais.

F. D.—Je ne parle anglais ni français.

K. D.—Rien ne sert de courir, il faut partir à point.

- P. D.—A bon chat, bon rat.
 R. D.—Il faut que tout le monde vive.
 F. G.—C'est le premier pas qui coute.
 M. H.—Beaucoup bruit pour rien.
 D. K.—Tel qui rit vendredi, dimanche pleurera.
 G. L.—Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.
 D. D.—A bon entendeur salut.
 L. N.—De la coupe aux leveres, il y a loin.
 D. N.—Plus on se hâte, moins on avance.
 H. P.—Un homme averti in vaut deux.
 V. P.—Noblesse oblige.
 L. Q.—Rira bien qui rira le dernier.
 L. R.—Qui a bu boira.
 L. Rice—Il n'a pas inventi la poudre.
 A. S.—Voulior, c'est pouvoir.
 A. J.—Il n'est pire sourd que celui que ne veut pas entendre.
 F. V.—Il n'est pire que l'eau qui dort.
 E. W.—Les petites ruisseaux font les grandes revierer.

ALUMNI NOTES

As a school we are trying to keep our Alumni lists up to date. This list was started by the class of '24 when the editor tried to obtain the name and present address of the members of each class. This list has been handed from editor to editor. Each year, of course, witnesses a change of address of some students and in the case of the girl graduate, it often means a change of name. We alone can't keep this book up to date. Won't you please help us? We trust that each and every graduate will in the future give us as much aid as possible in finding about their fellow classmates and so aid us in this Alumni project.

Also, any letters or communications addressed to the editor will be printed in whole or part in our June issue.

Remember your Alma Mater and let us hear from you.

Below are some notes in regard to our more recent graduates.

Class of 1928

Velma Ainslie is employed at the George F. Welch Company, Scituate.

Sara Baker is doing office work in Whitman.

Priscilla Brown is at home.

Doris Burbank is at home.

Parker Chase is working with his father at the kennels in Egypt.

Priscilla Cole is attending Vesper George Art School, Boston.

Gladys Dalby is working in a Boston Bank.

Velma Damon is a private secretary in town.

Florence Fitts is working at Duffy's Restaurant.
Esther Gosewisch was employed during the summer at Hugo's.

Anna Healy is attending Vesper George Art School, Boston.
Roger Kenny is a student at Burdett's Business College.
Charles Mitchell was employed during the summer by Mitchell Bros.

Harriet Pepper is employed at Seaverns' Pharmacy, Scituate.

Gretchen Schuyler is attending Sargent School.
Evelyn Sears is working in a beauty parlor.
Stafford Short is working in the Marshfield Garage.
Lester Smith is attending Bryant & Stratton Business College.

Katherine Somers is a student at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, Boston.

Stanley Turner is at home.
Elizabeth Welch is a student at Bryant & Stratton Business College.

Gertrude Wherity is a student at Bryant & Stratton Business College.

Dorothy Wilder is working in the office at Scituate High School.

John Young is working for the Tax Collector.

Class of 1927

Miriam Tilden is attending Bridgewater Normal School.
Glea Cole is in charge of the Cafeteria at the Annex of Scituate High School.

Walter Stone is on the U. S. Training Ship, Nantucket.
Paul Quinn is attending Massachusetts School of Art.
Malcolm Marritt is a student at the Vesper George Art School in Boston.

William Jenkins is at home.
Adelbert Rice is at home.
Ruth LaVange is training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Brighton.
Frank Whittaker is at home.

Class of 1926

Eleanor M. Cole is now Mrs. Richard Brown.
James E. Driscoll is a senior at Boston University.
Rose M. Hernan is a stenographer at the office of J. F. McJennett, Scituate.
Bessie Monahan is a student at Bridgewater Normal School.
Mary B. Mitchell is working in Boston.
Claire C. McDermott is working in the office of the Scituate Electric Company.

JAMES O'CONNOR, '29,
Alumni Editor.



AS WE SEE OTHERS
 VIRGINIA RUSSELL, '29
 ALWILDA HENDRICKSON, '30

The Pilgrim, Plymouth High School, Plymouth, Mass.—A very neat and attractive paper. Your "Class Gifts" is cleverly done. Glad you introduced a Commercial Column.

The Stampede, Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.—A very cleverly written and newsy paper. Your cuts, heading your various departments, deserve special praise. Your material is fine.

The Menotomy Beacon, West Junior High School, Arlington, Mass.—We like your literary department. Good idea to introduce an automobile page.

The Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.—Your cuts are very good. Your clubs are doing fine work.

The Semaphore, Stoughton High School, Stoughton, Mass.—Your jokes are fine.

The Echo, Canton High School, Canton, Mass.—An interesting paper to read.

The Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.—Your literary department is good. Your athletic cartoons are cleverly done.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Boston, Mass.—Such a fine literary department you have! Why not introduce a few jokes and an exchange department?

The Red and Black, Whitman High School, Whitman, Mass.—A very attractive magazine. We think your "Letter Box" is a good idea. Your cuts are good.

The Parrot, Rockland High School, Rockland, Mass.—A very neat and well-arranged graduation issue. The literary department is exceedingly good.

The Student's Pen, East Bridgewater High School, East Bridgewater, Mass.—You have a fine little school paper. Your cuts are interesting and well done.



BOYS' ATHLETICS ERNEST P. DILLON, '30.

This season the high school has been represented by the first football team in many years. As there has been no team in previous years, the material was all new. However, the team had a very successful year, winning four games and losing three. The team next year will be strong, as only a few men are lost by graduation. The scores of the games were as follows:

Saint Thomas,	13	Scituate,	0
Rockland,	36	Scituate,	0
Scituate,	6	Randolph,	0
Scituate,	20	Cohasset,	0
Scituate,	12	Derby,	6
E. Bridgewater,	13	Scituate,	6
Scituate,	12	Marshfield,	7

We have been particularly gratified to see the interest shown by the townspeople in our team, and we hope their interest will continue.

The school is represented by a strong basket ball team this year as only one regular was lost by graduation. As many of last year's subs are left, the vacancy will be ably filled. The teams in the league are practically the same. Only Pembroke has dropped out of the league. The schedule is as follows:

- Jan. 11—Scituate at Norwell
- Jan. 15—Scituate at Marshfield
- Jan. 22—Hanover at Scituate
- Jan. 25—Scituate at Duxbury
- Jan. 29—Norwell at Scituate
- Feb. 1—Scituate at Hanover
- Feb. 8—Duxbury at Scituate
- Feb. 12—Marshfield at Scituate

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Baseball Notes

The Scituate High School girls' baseball team of 1928 had a successful season. Only four games were played, Scituate winning three of them.

The following girls were on the baseball team: Harriet Pepper, catcher; Gretchen Schuyler, pitcher; Glea Cole, first base; Alyce LaVange, second base; Doris Burbank, third base; Florence Fitts, short stop; Phyllis Hyland, left field; Anna Healy, center field; Velma Ainslee, right field.

The girls were awarded letters of blue and white, the school colors.

The team's schedule for last year was as follows:

April 30—Hingham,	26	Scituate, 13
May 31—Cohasset,	5	Scituate, 20
June 1—Hingham,	7	Scituate, 15
June 4—Cohasset,	4	Scituate, 28

Basket Ball Notes

Basket ball practice was started early this year. The girls were seen practising on the out-of-door court every afternoon during the first two months of school; then practice was started on the inside court.

There are only two girls left from last year's team, Joe Welch and Jane Prouty, but it is hoped that the girls will turn out a winning team with the new material they have.

A new coach, Glea Cole, a graduate of the class of '27, was welcomed by the team this year. We know Glea will succeed in making a good team and we wish her the best of success.

ALYCE LAVANGE, '29.

PUZZLE-GRAM

Directions:

Place together the characters and the titles to which the characters belong.

Shylock — "Julius Cæsar."

Hepzibah Pyncheon — "The Lady of the Lake."

Mme. Defarge — "Silas Marner."

Eppie — "Idylls of the King."

Banquo — "The Merchant of Venice."

Gareth — "Ivanhoe."

James Fitz-James — "The House of Seven Gables."

Reginald Front de Boeuf — "The Lady of the Lake."

Lancelot — "Silas Marner."

Roderick Dhu — "A Tale of Two Cities."

Mark Antony — "Macbeth."

Godfrey Cass — "Idylls of the King."

VIRGINIA RUSSELL, '29.

WOULD-BE HUMOR

Heard in History

Dorr: "Why do they put B. C. after some dates?"

Buck: "Beacuse the date is 'bout correct."

* * *

Dorr: "How was iron discovered?"

Jack: "I heard Pa say they smelt it."

* * *

Miss Dudley: "And did you open the window wide?"

M. Stewart: "Yes, Miss Dudley. I pulled the top half all the way down and pushed the bottom half all the way up."

* * *

Mr. Gillespie: "What's the plural of children?"

Arnold: "Twins."

* * *

Chase, staring at the statue of Minerva: "Was she ever married?"

Hester: "Why, of course not. She was the goddess of Wisdom."

* *

F. Cole: "The longest completed pass in football history was made by two Polacks."

"Oil" Nichols: "How was that?"

F. Cole: "The ball went from 'Pole to Pole'."

* * *

Mitch: "Manley, who appointed you water-boy?"

Manley: "I appointed myself."

Mitch: "Well, you ought to be dis-appointed."

* * *

Voice over wire: "Electric Light Company speaking. Will you please see if the light in front of your house is going?"

Doris, after looking out: "Yes, it is going."

Voice: "Don't let it go too far then; you might lose it."

* * *

Mr. Gillespie, (after Miss Burbank had recited on the habits of dogs): "That is what I call a dog-gone good story."

* * *

There was a young salesman named Phipps

Who married on one of his trips

A widow named Block.

And he died from the shock

When he saw there were six little chips.

* * *

One: "Miss Freeman called me 'General'."

Two: "General what?"

One: "General nuisance."

* * *

Lawsons, coming to players' bench: "Get up five or ten of you fellows, and give us a seat."

MODERN LATIN — CAN YOU READ THIS?
— OGHIS ATINLBUS —

Eo Ellowfis-Itizencbus, ouymus eesg hetis epublicrbus, hetis iveslbus focom llamus focom ouymus, hetis oodgis hingstbus, hetis ortuncefbus, ourymus iveswbus, ndaque hildrenibus ndaque lsoaeter hattmus eatsbus focom amousfis owerpbus, histmus ostmeter ortunatefis ndaque eautifulbis itycbus, aydotbus ybcum hetis reatgis ovelbus focom hetis mmortalis odsgbus orfcum, anonymus, ybcum, ymmus erilbus natchedsg romfecum hetis lamefous ndaque rotestedpg otcum ouymous. Ndaque osque hesetmus aysdvus reag oremeter rightbis orfcum sumus, nicum hichwbus ewmus reag rotestedpg hanteter hosetis nicum hichwus ewmus erekwg ornbq, ecausebque hetis oyjbis focom afetybus sig ertaincis, hilewque uromus otbue tacum erthbbus sig ncertainuis.

* * *

Woman coming to after having been rescued by a negro:
“Ah, my licorice life saver.”

* * *

Mr. Cole: “What kind of a plane is that one flying over the tower?”

Ding: “A seaplane.”

Mr. Cole: “What makes you think it’s a seaplane?”

Ding: “Because it has no wheels.”

* * *

Can You Imagine

Dillon not being in love?

Herring not being dangerous to Dwight?

Wheeler growing tall?

Taylor weighing 250 pounds?

Ashton keeping quiet?

Miss Tierney being good?

Buckethead being called Bresnahan?

Dorr as fullback on the team?

Murphy staying home nights?

Tilden not talking about tennis?

Virginia not talking about Tilden?

Dwyer doing his French lesson?

Miss Mitchell being absent from school?

Delay staying in class for five minutes?

Hobson not having gum?

Mutt not combing his hair?

Fabello without a ticket to a hockey game?

Stewart without admirers?

Litchfield saying something else beside “Woof, Woof”?

Rice not having a date?

Hammond trying to be center?

Miss Freeman not knowing how to mark an “E”?

Turner being serious?

Me as Joke Editor?

H. DWYER, Joke Editor.

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